

## [The Danger is I'm Dangerous](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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**Summary:**

Hauntings are rarely what they seem.

The specter of an invisible woman roaming the halls of a crumbling keep, Geralt quickly discovers, is simply Yennefer entertaining herself.

Yennefer decides that terrorizing the locals is much more interesting when the locals become frightened enough to hire a Witcher.

## The Danger is I'm Dangerous

### Author's Note:

I legit started writing this in JANUARY and then came back and was like "well fuck this is actually good I should finish it."

I know why they didn't do this in the show, because it's, y'know, hard to tell someone's facial expressions when they're invisible, but I kind of loved the fact that in the book, Yennefer was invisible when she took a bath with Geralt right after meeting him, because she was allowed to see HIM naked, but he wasn't allowed to see her.

Basically, Yen is a little shit and I love her.

(Title is lyrics from Gin Wigmore - Kill of the Night, which may be entirely misheard, but this song is a Yen song, so.)

Hauntings, Geralt knew well, were rarely what they appeared to be. The dangerous and oft-irritating poltergiests in question tended not to be the spirits of the dead come back to haunt the living. He had seen any number of things called ghosts—stray godlings, bored local children, a neighbor's goat.

This one was a bit more of a challenge. At the very least, the baron's men who sat before Geralt in the local tavern, wide-eyed and clutching their mugs of ale like a phantasm would snatch them away at any second certainly looked as though they had seen a ghost. The one on the left was white as a sheet. The one on the right had much darker skin, so it was impossible to tell how pale he had gone, but he glanced over his shoulder often enough that the unease was contagious. The other tavern-goers gave them a wide berth, either because they looked like their souls were about to escape their bodies, or because rumor traveled fast in towns like these and folk tended to act as though monster problems were contagious.

Or they were wary of the witcher himself.

"She's been haunting us for nigh on three weeks now," said the pale-faced man. He was the baron's quartermaster, and had reportedly encountered the ghost more than anybody else.

"She'? What makes you believe the ghost is female?"

It was the other who answered this time, the head of the guard. He was a behemoth of a man, but ghosts, it seemed, were frightening regardless of one's size. "Oh, it's her laugh, sir Witcher," he said, "nobody's heard her speak, but she laughs when she notices the fear in your eyes."

"Does it sound like a child's laugh?" Geralt asked, and the two men looked between each other, and then shook their heads.

"No, no, it's a woman's laugh," said the quartermaster.

"Most frightening," the other agreed. "The baron's wife believes—well, it's best not to say in such a place as this."

Geralt spent a moment flipping through his mental catalogue of possible suspects, ruling out godlings, goats, and bored local children alike. He watched out the window of the tavern. One of the shutters had come off, and though it, he could see a small part of the keep, an old stonework building that looked as though it had been erected without the assistance of an architect or consistent measurements. He would have to look around the keep itself before he could speculate further on the identity of their ghost.

"If it's best not to say in a place like this," he said, "we can talk about it elsewhere."

He stood, and they scrambled after him, guessing that the safest place to be, in the case of a haunting, was nearest to the witcher.

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It was a long walk to the keep, and the streets were too crowded to ride, so Geralt led Roach behind him and listened to the men continue their account of the ghost.

"None've seen her," said the quartermaster, "so we cannot describe her face, but Tim'thy here, he once saw a cloak, as though it were wrapped around a person, floating across the floor by itself."

Timothy, who was the guard, nodded and shuddered as he recalled the encounter. "It didn't float high off the ground, could've just been somebody walking, but where there'd be a head and shoulders, there was empty air."

"What did it look like?" Geralt asked, because while the description of the ambiance were useless, he could perhaps get something helpful out of them. "Hunched over, like an old woman?"

"Nah, she was poised like a noble, walking slowly, grace-ful. 'S why the lady thinks she's—"

"Not here, either," the quartermaster hissed, and Geralt wondered what setting would be appropriate for them to tell him what the baron's wife thought of the spectre, as it may easily have proven to be the only useful piece of information Geralt could get out of them.

They approached the gates to the keep, wooden structures with worn bits due to the passage of time, not the threat of enemy attacks. They were very near the edge of the world, and it was not the sort of place great powers warred over. Geralt made his way to the stables first and instructed the boy there on Roach's needs, while the men who had hired him hovered anxiously in the background, urging Geralt to come along with them.

Once Geralt was certain his horse would be well taken care of, he followed the men through the side entrance, passing through the kitchens and ignoring the cooks and servants who all paused a moment in their work to observe the man the baron had hired.

Evening was falling and the dining room was not well-lit. The fireplace needed another log or two placed on it and although there were two candelabras at either end of the room, they did not provide enough illumination for the men to see the expression on Geralt's face as he caught a familiar scent. His suspicions shifted entirely.

The baron's men sat opposite Geralt as they had in the tavern, both looking increasingly anxious now that they were inside the supposedly-haunted keep. "Will you now explain to me," Geralt pressed, "what the lady of the house thinks about this ghost?"

"Aye." The quartermaster sighed. "Lady Ava was the first to see the ghost, some two weeks ago, just after that sorceress left. She saw it in the library, walked in one day and there was a book floating there, pages turning all on its own! Then the ghost, she started laughing, and the book flew 'cross the room as though she'd tossed it over her shoulder, and another one slid from the shelf—needless to say, our lady ran for it, then."

Geralt nodded along, questions forming in his head, but he looked to the guard, giving him a chance to answer what he could before Geralt began asking.

"See, our baron, he was married once before. Neither've us were around then, but all I know is that the first lady grew ill, and when she sickened, the baron began to see the lady Ava, married her not two months after his first wife passed. Their son was born maybe four, five months after that, would you say?" Timothy looked to the quartermaster for confirmation.

He got a nod in answer. "Mm, yes. Witcher, I'm certain you can draw your conclusions from there."

He could.

Timothy continued. "After that, the baron hired all new staff, nobody who'd known the previous wife remained inside the walls of the keep. 'Course, her family remembered, and she's got three uncles and four brothers who're out for blood now."

The quartermaster continued to nod along. The cooks began to bring out platters, as the baron and his family would be arriving for supper soon, and while the food smelled delicious, it couldn't quite mask the familiar scent Geralt noticed upon entering the dining room. He swore he heard shifting from the armchair in front of the fire.

"Would any of these uncles or brothers be willing to do something beyond the normal means to get rid of the baron?" Geralt asked.

"Likely not. Blockheads, the lot of them," said Timothy. He looked at the wine that had been brought out, but did not pour any, as the seat at head of the table was still unoccupied, and it would be impolite to start without their local magnate. "That, you see, is why the baron hired a sorceress. Shoring up the defenses with magic. But she found out what the baron had done and she vanished that day, her room completely bare, no explanation but for the obvious fact that she sides with the woman scorned."

"This sorceress," Geralt began, "was her name—"

He did not get a chance to finish his query, because the baron and the lady entered, followed by a small boy of about three or four. They sat at the table, made introductions, and while Geralt ordinarily would have gotten back to the topic at hand and pressed for an answer, this time, he did not need one.

Because, as the family of the keep made their entrance, Geralt could hear footsteps from the opposite side of the room as well. Bare feet, stepping quietly enough that it would be impossible for an ordinary man to hear over the sound of chair legs scraping as everyone took their seats. They stopped directly behind Geralt.

The scent that Geralt had recognized upon entering the room washed over him again, and a pair of small hands settled on his shoulders.

It seemed their sorceress had not quite deserted the keep.

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"...and there has been food disappearing from the kitchen, although that could be rats or the staff or any number of things. Nobody dares enter the library anymore, not after what Ava saw." The baron ate as he spoke, a disgusting habit, but his wife, a short woman of average face, build, and personality, ignored it with a practiced ease. The son seemed as though he picked up his father's mannerisms more than his mother's.

Geralt listened, responded with thoughtful hums and nods at the appropriate times, although he was fairly certain he could have described the doings of the ghost himself, now that he was certain what—who, rather—it was. One of the hands on his shoulders traced across to his back, up his neck until it reached a place that was not hidden by his armor. Geralt set down his fork and reached to shift his hair off his neck so that nobody would notice it moving of its own accord as familiar fingertips reached out of nothingness to touch him.

Lips brushed his ear as the baron loudly proclaimed that the haunting was clearly the work of that damned sorceress, who had magicked a ghost to torment them hereafter. He was almost correct.

*"Fancy seeing you here."* Her whisper couldn't be heard over the baron shouting and stabbing the air with his fork. Geralt's answering exasperated sigh couldn't be heard over the baron's men cheering him on.

This wouldn't be the first time Yennefer had turned herself invisible for a lark.

He could guess at what happened. Yennefer found out why the baron needed magical defenses for his keep, and, furious at his actions, she had concocted a haunting. Geralt wasn't sure what sort of results she wanted to see, perhaps just abject terror, and anyway, could one ever truly know what was going on in her mind?

She kissed Geralt's neck. He realized he hadn't responded to the baron's latest proclamation.

"Hm. All due respect, I don't believe a sorceress would summon a spirit." He paused, as if thinking, but his mind was mostly blank because Yennefer pressed herself against his back. Though it was hard to tell while still in his leathers, he was becoming more and more certain that she was completely naked. "A sorceress could curse someone, and then perhaps they would become a monster, but it would be an extreme overuse of magical ability to bring a spirit from the grave."

Yennefer backed away from him, and he made an irritated noise, which the baron likely assumed was directed at him. "Then what, Witcher, do you think is the source of this haunting?" he asked.

"Can't be sure yet," he said. He had to take a breath to keep his voice even, because Yennefer had apparently perched herself on the empty seat beside Geralt's (left free because they did not want to seat a toddler next to a witcher) and leaned forward so that she could reach out and place her hand on Geralt's thigh. "I'd like to examine the library, if I may."

"Yes, of course," said the baron, with the kind of grandiosity that meant he thought Geralt's investigation would prove him correct. "One of my men can escort you there after the meal."

His men resolutely stopped making eye contact with Geralt, because neither wanted to be the one to escort him to the center of the haunting. It was just as well, because he was certain he had a strange expression on his face when Yennefer's invisible hand began to snake its way upwards.

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While the halls near the kitchen had been bustling, the area surrounding the library was devoid of life, except for Geralt, Timothy (who had been elected to take him because he was the best with a sword out of the baron's men, even though a sword wouldn't do much against something incoporeal), and the lingering scent of flowers and fruit that meant Yennefer had followed them. Timothy's eyes were bulging out of his skull and he clasped the hilt of his sword as he looked around for an invisible ghost.

Yennefer, Geralt realized, still cast shadows in this form, and while the halls were dark enough that she couldn't be spotted by unaltered eyes, it created a lingering sense of being followed by a beast. And if Geralt was unnerved, he'd hate to know what the poor guard was thinking.

The library was a bit of a mess. Dusty, Geralt doubted anyone had come in to clean after rumors of it being haunted spread. Several books lay open on the floor. Timothy wouldn't even cross the threshold, but his bulk filled up the doorframe and prevented Yennefer from following Geralt inside. He

imagined the irritated look on her face and it made him smile faintly as he crouched to examine the fallen volumes.

Romance novels. All of them. The especially shitty-looking ones had been thrown further from the bookcase, as though Yennefer had been particularly exasperated with them. There was one book lying closed on a side table, which Geralt opened to thumb through. It seemed to be about a young noblewoman deserting her betrothed and running away with...

...a witcher.

It was bookmarked. In the middle of a rather explicit scene with a wildly inaccurate description of what witchers had between their legs.

Goddamit, Yennefer.

"This may take a while," Geralt said, lifting his head to look at the still-terrified guard in the doorway. "Even the entire night. I'm sure you have duties that need to be attended to elsewhere. I'll find my way to report back in the morning."

Geralt received the world's largest sigh of relief in response, and Timothy ran from the library, his armor rattling all the way down the hall. Geralt hoped he wasn't running in Yennefer's direction. He might die of fright if he ran into an invisible woman.

Geralt heard Yennefer's footsteps approach just as the sound of boots on flagstone receded. The door shut behind her, and the bolt of the lock slid into place. Geralt didn't look up, because he wouldn't see anything, but he could identify where she was by sound and scent alone. He continued to skim the pages of the book Yennefer had been so interested in.

"This is complete bullshit," he noted.

"I hadn't realized," she replied drily. She circled around Geralt and dropped into one of the overstuffed reading chairs. Geralt turned and watched the place she was not. The compression of the cushions left by her weight and the shadows below her on the rug made it clear that she was lounging with

one elbow propped on the arm of the chair, her legs kicked out in front of her. She probably looked like a masterwork of an oil painting, artistically nude, with her curls dark against the cream-white cushions.

Geralt estimated for a moment, and then reached out. His calculations correct, his palm landed on her ankle, trailing up her leg and feeling over smooth skin and soft hair until he reached her knee. "Couldn't turn some clothes invisible, too?"

Her hand came to rest over his, transparent but warm. "I could have. Entirely unnecessary."

Geralt continued to flick through the pages of her book. Who the hell let this stuff get printed? *"His engorged member throbbed against her—Yennefer, why would you read this?"*

"For the quality of the prose, naturally."

He shifted his hand to cup her calf and rested his chin on her knee, dropping the book before he had to look at any more of its nonsense. "How did all of this happen?" he asked. "What're you doing haunting some Redanian keep so insignificant the army's forgotten about it?"

She began to toy with his hair, and he looked in her direction, because Yennefer had that whole thing about looking someone in the eyes when she spoke with them, but he couldn't quite tell which way her head was turned. "You heard it all from the baron. The bit about me raising his dead wife from the grave to haunt him until he joins her in the family tomb was exaggerated, but really, I just skipped a step or two."

"So, you're just going to antagonize him until he dies?" Geralt asked. "Seems like that could take a while." Even if that was what she'd planned, Yennefer would become bored of it soon.

"Far too long," Yennefer agreed. "I simply decided to stick around until I'd had time to undo all the hard work I'd done keeping him safe from his former in-laws. Naturally, they couldn't see me doing it. You understand."

He wasn't sure he did understand, but that was sort of how things went with her.

"How long until I can tell them their haunting's taken care of, then?"

"Oh, I'm done with the spellwork. I finished it three days ago, but heard they were hiring a witcher. I decided to hang around and see who appeared. Thought I might recognize him." From the sound of her voice, she was smiling.

"And what would you have done if it wasn't me?"

She sighed. He could feel it ruffle his hair, so she must have leaned closer. "I probably would have become very irritating for them. But it hardly matters now. I shall depart in the morning, but I do believe I heard you tell the nice man you would be here all night."

"Might've mentioned that."

"So?" He could imagine the look on her face, arched brow, eyes gleaming like a predator's, lips resting in a satisfied curl. It was the look she always had when she knew she was about to get what she wanted, and so Geralt saw it often.

Yennefer always got what she wanted, mostly because Geralt wanted to give it to her. "You going to let me see you now?" he asked, waiting for the familiar pressure in his ears that he associated with nearby magic, for a shimmering white light and then the view of so much bare skin before him.

Instead, Yennefer laughed. "You know, I don't think I will," she said.

Goddammit, Yennefer.

She told him to lie down on the rug in front of the fire and he obeyed, scanning the room for any sign of her presence as he set his swords within reach, propped against the wall. It felt very similar to and yet very unlike the time Geralt had slept with a woman who blindfolded her partners, because she was aroused by the sense of helplessness that came from

someone whose sight had been suddenly cut off. Geralt had effectively ruined the illusion of helplessness by using his enhanced senses to determine where she was by hearing and scent instead.

Yennefer knew the extent of Geralt's abilities. Scent was out, her perfume had already filled the room and would be difficult to pinpoint, and she was moving with purposeful silence, if she was moving at all. She may have simply been standing in a corner, waiting for him to become impatient and get up to try and chase a ghost around the room.

She was only given away when she stepped in front of the firelight and a shadow unspooled beneath her, alerting Geralt that she stood directly at his feet. By that point, it was too late.

She leapt onto him and Geralt took her weight easily, hands clumsily seizing her waist as he looked up at what would have been Yennefer but was instead the ceiling, waiting for her next move. He could try to kiss her, sure, but he would almost certainly miss.

When she finally put an end to his waiting, either because she had finished with torturing him or because she had lost her patience, she kissed him, as warm and familiar as always. Geralt closed his eyes and felt as though this could have been any night with her, as if he opened them he would see lilac eyes looking back at him.

His hand, still gloved, traced up her side and over her chest, thumb brushing at her collarbone before he cupped the back of her head. His opposite hand wound tighter around her waist, pulling her tight to him, easing off only when she made an irritated noise as some part of his armor dug into her skin.

He leaned back, opened his eyes, and could only see his hand hovering above his own head, looking as though it was hanging in the air uselessly even though her shoulder was firm beneath his palm. "Gimme a minute to get undressed," he said, deciding that hell, he'd done stranger things. Fucking an invisible woman was up there, sure. It'd be something to remember. Evenings with Yennefer usually were.

"Oh, please," she said, and at her bidding, his armor and his clothes beneath him disappeared in a flash of light. They weren't just invisible, he could now fully feel her skin beneath his hands, no barriers between them.

There was one issue. "You'd better get those back for me later," he said. "Can't go around the place nude like you."

She snorted. "They're four feet away, Witcher, I thought you were supposed to be observant."

He hummed, quickly getting better at discerning where she was, and pressed his face to her neck, the ribbon of her choker brushing his cheek. His eyes closed again. "Must've been distracted."

She settled against him, kissing him again, and he reached for her thighs and her waist and her back, caressing all of the soft, warm skin he couldn't see. Her fingers wound through his hair, scratching at his scalp, to tilt his face to her preferred angle, and he went with it willingly, letting her do what she wished with him.

"I'd like to test something," she said. When she stopped kissing him, Geralt dropped his head to give his attentions to her neck instead. "We'll see if you can still perform equally well when unable to see me."

"Alright," Geralt said, and although he had a fair idea, he still asked, "what would you have me do?"

She ordered him to apply his mouth, a task which he could easily complete without the benefit of sight. He closed his eyes, finding that the mental dissonance between the seemingly empty room and the weight and scent of Yennefer sitting on his face didn't improve things. Occasionally, he peeked, wondering if she would deign to let him view her, or even if she could be startled out of her concentration.

Despite the fact that being impossible to see seemed to butt against Yennefer's exhibitionist streak, she was wet on his tongue, and it was easy to lose himself in the act of pleasuring her. He'd had plenty of time to learn

her preferred use of his tongue, and after a time, he could hear her, breathy sighs and words of praise that urged him to lick into her with more fervor.

She came on his tongue, but she didn't order him to stop, and so he continued, until she was laughing and yanking him away by his hair.

He opened his eyes, and all he saw was the warped wooden beams of the ceiling. Her thumb smeared over his mouth, spreading the evidence of her own orgasm across his lips. "Let me see you," he said, and she rolled off of him instead, not managing to get far enough away to slip into the shadows again, his grasp on her waist keeping her close.

"And why would I do that?" she asked, the tickle of her hair brushing against his skin the only warning he got before she kissed him.

"Because you enjoy listening to me tell you how beautiful you are," he suggested.

She laughed again, musical and echoing, the sort of sound that would make a lesser man think she was something from the beyond. "I can make a man tell me how beautiful I am any day," she said, "I rarely have the occasion to make a man fuck me while he can't see me."

"Is *that* what you want? I should have guessed."

"It's novel," she said, and he thought she might be shrugging.

"And you're deeply interested in novelty." He pressed her back into the rug, and it wasn't too difficult for his hands to find her legs and part them. "I suppose there was that one time with the levitating."

"And the unicorn."

"I was attempting not to think about that." As he fucked her, his eyes followed the shadows where her body lay on the carpet, the barest sheen where her sweat caught the firelight. He had a fairly concrete idea of where her body was—her legs, of course, were around his waist. He could see the shape of her arms painted in shadow, and the curve of her ribcage. When his

own hands rested upon her, they didn't leave shadows on the rug beneath them, but rather on the impossible curve of an invisible woman.

He wondered, if he looked down, whether he'd be able to see his cock through her body, but he thought it may put him off, so he focused instead on trying to make out the details of her face.

"Geralt," she said, grasping the back of his neck, her breath on his cheek giving him the barest idea of where her mouth was, "look me in the eye when you come."

He rolled his eyes instead.

"You know I can see you, right? That's not how you should treat a lover."

"It is, if your lover is insufferable, impossible, and invisible." One may think those were unpleasant qualities, but Geralt was no less in love with her for it.

"Look in my eyes," she said again, and in the space it took him to blink, he found that he could.

Yennefer was beautiful when she got what she wanted.

After, he spent a long while looking at her, drinking in every detail of her face as though he'd never seen her before. Yennefer was nonplussed by this behavior, and used Geralt as a chair while she finished her book.

"Will I see you again soon?" he asked, when she opened a portal to leave.

She grinned as she replied, "you may not see me at all."

#### **Author's Note:**

Thank you for reading and double thank you if you've read any of my Geralt/Yen stuff from the past, y'all are lovely <3